

R. Bickhurst (1815)

THE
PADLOCK:

A
COMIC OPERA:

As it is Perform'd by
HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N.

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TO THE
KING OF DENMARK.

SIR,

I HAVE read of an Indian who sent a feather to some great Prince, and thought he conferred a valuable favour—I am not so ignorant as the Indian, for I am sensible that what I here present to Your MAJESTY, is a feather merely.

However, there is this to plead in my excuse, that I have not ventured to approach You with the following trifle, till the approbation of the public had rendered my vanity or ambition, which ever it may be termed, in some degree less extravagant.

It is my lot to produce the only new dramatic performance, while this kingdom is honoured with Your MAJESTY's presence. I lay it at Your feet, as a mark of homage from the English Stage. Thus my good fortune gives me an advantage over better writers; and the extraordinary distinctions with which you have thought proper to honour the gentleman presiding over the theatre where it appears, may, perhaps, give that an air of gratitude, which would otherwise look too like presumption.

While Your MAJESTY's princely qualities fill a nation with Your praise, the echo of my feeble voice would be lost amidst the acclamations of a whole people. I shall not, therefore, attempt Your panegyric; the subject, indeed, is above my reach: To implore protection for this little piece is my business; and though I am conscious how unworthy it is of Your royal acceptance, permit me to hope that You will graciously pardon the intemperate zeal, which has made me presume to offer it.

*Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes; et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo; rebusque veni non asper egenis.*

I beg leave to subscribe myself,

With profound respect,

S I R,

Your MAJESTY's

Most devoted,

Most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

P R E F A C E.

SHOULD any one be curious about the origin of this petty Drama, they will find the story on which it is founded, among the twelve Exemplary Novels written by the celebrated Author of Don Quixote, under the title of the Jealous Husband. Some little variation has been necessary in the ground-work, in order to render it dramatic; but the characters are untouched from the inimitable pencil of the first designer; unless the dialogue with which the English writer supplies them has done them an injury. The chief addition to the fable is the circumstance of the Padlock; and the four last lines of the opera sufficiently mark the place from whence that is taken.

In this place, however, I think I am bound to return thanks to Mr. Vernon, Mr. Bannister, and the rest of the performers, who have done me so much justice. To say that Mrs. Arne is our best English singer, would be to circumscribe the idea I wish to give of her merit; the sweetness, fullness, and facility of her voice, has, no doubt, never been equalled on the English stage; and it is rendered still more engaging by the charms of her unaffected and agreeable manner: but the continual applause she meets with, makes any compliment I can pay her unnecessary.

The music of this Piece being extremely admired by persons of the first taste and distinction, it would be injustice to the extraordinary talents of the young man who assisted me in it, was I not to declare, that it is, under my direction, the entire composition of Mr. Dibdin; whose admirable performance in the character of Mungo does so much credit to himself and me; as well as to the gentleman, whose penetration could distinguish neglected genius, and who has taken pleasure in producing it to the public.

The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and distinguished by inverted commas, as at line 8, to line 17, in page 14.

Dramatis Personæ at Drury Lane.

	1768.	1789.
DON DIEGO,	Mr. BANNISTER.	Mr. WILLIAMS.
LEANDER,	Mr. VERNON.	Mr. KELLY.
MUNGO,	Mr. DIBDIN.	Mr. SUETT.
SCHOLARS,		{ Mr. PHILLIMORE and Mr. WILSON.
LEONORA,	Mrs. ARNE.	Mrs. CROUCH.
URSULA,	Mrs. DORMAN.	Mrs. HOPKINS.

SCENE, SALAMANCA.

T H E
P A D L O C K.

ACT I. SCENE *a Garden belonging to
Don Diego's house.*

Enter Don Diego musing.

THOUGHTS to council—let me see—
Hum—to be, or not to be
A husband, is the question.
A cuckold! must that follow?
Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill,
Bitter to swallow,
And hard of digestion.

But fear makes the danger seem double,
Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble
My peace, should I venture to try you?
My doors shall be lock'd,
My windows be block'd;
No male in my house,
Not so much as a mouse;
Then horns, horns, I defy you.

Dieg. Ursula!

Enter Ursula.

Urf. Here, an't please your worship.

Dieg. Where is Leonora?

Urf. In her chamber, Sir.

Dieg. There is the key of it; there the key of
the best hall; there the key of the door upon the
first flight of stairs; there the key of the door upon
the second; this double locks the hatch below;
and this the door that opens into the entry.

Urf.

THE PADLOCK:

Urf. I am acquainted with every ward of them.

Dieg. You know, Urfula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, she was to live in the house with me three months; at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thousand pistoles, either to return her to them spotless, with half that sum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.

Urf. And, I warrant you, they came secretly to enquire of me whether they might venture to trust your worship. Lord! said I, I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Lammas, and never saw any thing uncivil by him in my life; nor no more I ever did; and to let your worship know if I had, you would have mistaken your person; for I bless heaven, tho' I'm poor, I'm honest, and would not live with any man alive that should want to handle me unlawfully.

Dieg. Urfula, I do believe it: and you are particularly happy, that both your age and your person exempt you from any such temptation. But, be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after some little difficulty, consented to comply with my proposal; and, being fully satisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am resolved to fulfil my bond, by marrying her to-morrow.

Urf. Heaven bless you together.

Dieg. During the time she has lived with me, she has never been a moment out of my sight: and now, tell me, Urfula, what you have observed in her?

Urf. All meekness and gentleness, your worship; and yet, I warrant you, shrewd and sensible; egad, when she pleases, she can be as sharp as a needle.

Dieg. You have not been able to discover any particular attachments?

Urf.

A COMIC OPERA.

Urf. Why, Sir, of late I have observed——

Dieg. Eh! how! what!

Urf. That she has taken greatly to the young kitten.

Dieg. O! is that all?

Urf. Ay, by my faith, I don't think she's fond of any thing else.

Dieg. Of me, Urfula?

Urf. Ay, ay, of the kitten, and your worship, and her birds, and going to mass. I have taken notice of late, that she is mighty fond of going to mass, as your worship lets her early of a morning.

Dieg. Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my resolution; I will not take her with me, because, having been used to confinement, and it being the life I am determined she shall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I shall return with the good folks to-morrow morning; in the mean time, Urfula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

Urf. I will, indeed, your worship; nay, if there is a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden——

Dieg. Go, and send Leonora to me.

Urf. I know the world, Sir, tho' I say't:

I'm cautious and wise,
And they who surprize
My prudence nodding
Must sit up late.

Never fear, Sir,
Your safety's here, Sir,
Yes, yes,
I'll answer for Miss:

Let me alone,
I warrant my care,
Shall weigh to a hair,
As much as your own.

[Exit.
Dieg.

10 THE PADLOCK:

Dieg. I dreamt last night that I was going to church with Leonora to be married, and that we were met on the road by a drove of oxen——Oxen——I don't like oxen! I wish it had been a flock of sheep.— [Retires.]

Enter LEONORA, with a bird on her finger, which she holds in the other hand by a string.

Leon. Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here, and sing,
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go:
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half so happy as with me.

Dieg. [Coming forward.] Leonora.

Leon. [Putting the bird into a cage.] Here I am.

Dieg. Look me in the face, and listen to me attentively.

Leon. There.

Dieg. I am going this evening to your father and mother, and I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of my journey. Are you willing to be my wife?

Leon. I am willing to do whatever you, and my father and mother, please.

Dieg. But that's not the thing; do you like me?

Leon. Y—es.

Dieg. What do you sigh for?

Leon. I don't know.

Dieg. When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little house, ill situated, and worse furnished; you had no servants, and were obliged, with your mother, to do the work yourself.

Leon.

A COMIC OPERA. 11

Leon. Yes, but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a walking in the fields.

Dieg. Perhaps you dislike confinement?

Leon. No, I don't, I am sure.

Dieg. I say, then, I took you from that mean habitation, and hard labour, to a noble building, and this fine garden; where, so far from being a slave, you are absolute mistress; and instead of wearing a mean stuff gown, look at yourself, I beseech you; the dress you have on is fit for a princess.

Leon. It's very fine, indeed.

Dieg. Well, Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated since you have been my companion; ask yourself again now, whether you can be content to lead a life with me according to the specimen you have had?

Leon. Specimen!

Dieg. Ay, according to the manner I have treated you——according——

Leon. I'll do whatever you please.

Dieg. Then, my dear, give me a kiss.

Leon. Good by'e to you.

Dieg. Here, Urfula.

By some I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old,
But I will not believe what they say:
I feel my blood mounting,
Like streams in a fountain,
That merrily sparkle and play.

For love I have will
And ability still;
Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!
My diamond, my pearl——
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come unto you again.

[Exit.

Leon,

Leon. Heigho ! I think I am sick.—He's very good to me, to be sure, and its my duty to love him, because we ought not to be ungrateful ; but I wish I was not to marry him for all that, tho' I'm afraid to tell him so. Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds ; but I'm sure they don't make happy ones ; a sparrow is happier in the fields than a gold-finch in a cage. There is something makes me mighty uneasy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never saw any thing so ugly in my life—O dear now, why did I forget to ask leave to go to mafs to-morrow ? I suppose, because he's abroad, Ursula won't take me—I wish I had asked leave to go to mafs.

Was I a shepherd's maid to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My parents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold :
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly. [Exit.]

SCENE *a Street in Salamanca.*

Enter LEANDER and two Scholars, in their University Gowns.

Leand. His name is Don Diego ; there's his house, like another monastery, or rather prison ; his servants are an ancient duenna, and a Negro slave——

1st Schol. And after having lived fifty years a bachelor, this old fellow has pick'd up a young thing

thing of sixteen, whom he by chance saw in a balcony !

2d Schol. And you are in love with the girl ?

Leand. To desperation ; and I believe I am not indifferent to her ; for finding that her jealous guardian took her to the chapel of a neighbouring convent every morning before it was light, I went there in the habit of a pilgrim, planting myself as near her as I could ; I then varied my appearance, continuing to do so from time to time, till I was convinced she had sufficiently remarked and understood my meaning.

1st Schol. Well, Leander, I'll say that for you, there is not a more industrious lad in the university of Salamanca, when a wench is to be ferreted.

2d Schol. But prithee, tell us now, how did you get information ?

Leand. First, from report, which raised my curiosity ; and afterwards from the Negro I just now mentioned : I observed, that when the family was gone to bed, he often came to air himself at yonder grate ; you know I am no bad chanter, nor a very scurvy minstrel ; so taking a guittar, clapping a black patch on my eye, and a swathe upon one of my legs, I soon scrap'd acquaintance with my friend Mungo. He adores my songs and farabands, and taking me for a poor cripple, often repays me with a share of his allowance ; which I accept to avoid suspicion.

1st Schol. And so——

Leand. And so, Sir, he hath told me all the secrets of his family ; and one worth knowing ; for he informed me last night, that his master will this evening take a short journey into the country, from whence he proposes not to return till to-morrow, leaving his young wife, that is to be, behind him.

2d Schol. Zounds ! let's scale the wall.

Leand. Fair and softly ; I will this instant go and put on my disguise, watch for the Don's going

going out, attack my Negro afresh, and try if, by his means, I cannot come into the house, or, at least, get a sight of my charming angel.

1st Schol. Angei! is she then so handsome?

Leand. It is time for us to withdraw: come to my chambers, and there you shall know all you can desire.

“ Hither, Venus, with your doves,
 “ Hither, all ye little loves;
 “ Round me light your wings display,
 “ And bear a Tover on his way.

“ Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
 “ Transform myself to show’ry gold;
 “ Or in a swan my passion shroud,
 “ Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
 “ What locks, what bars should then impede,
 “ Or keep me from my charming maid!”

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *the outside of DON DIEGO'S House, which appears with Windows barr'd up, and an iron Grate before an Entry.*

Enter DON DIEGO from the House, having first unlocked the Door, and removed two or three Bars which assisted in fastening it.

Dieg. With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time; Leonora has never shewn the least inclination to deceive me; besides, my old woman is prudent and faithful, she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself: but suppose—suppose—by the rood and St. Francis, I will not leave it in her power to do mischief; a woman's
 not

not having it in her power to deceive you is the best security for her fidelity, and the only one a wise man will confide in; fast bind, safe find, is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest; there is a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee; I will wait till the Negro returns with provisions he is gone to purchase; and clapping them all up together, make my mind easy by having the key they are under in my pocket. [Retires.

Enter MUNGO with a Hamper:

Mung. Go, get you down, you damn hamper, you carry me now. Curse my old Massa, sending me always here and dere for one something to make me tire like a mule—curse him imperance—and him damn insurance.

Dieg. How now?

Mung. Ah, Massa, blest your heart.

Dieg. What's that you are muttering, Sirrah?

Mung. Noting, Massa, only me say, you very good Massa.

Dieg. What do you leave your load down there for?

Mung. Massa, me lily tire.

Dieg. Take it up, rascal.

Mung. Yes, blest your heart, Massa.

Dieg. No, lay it down: now I think on't, come hither.

Mung. What you say, Massa?

Dieg. Can you be honest?

Mung. Me no satee, Massa, you never ax me before.

Dieg. Can you tell truth?

Mung. What you give me, Massa?

Dieg. There's a pistreen for you; now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my house?

B 2

Mung

Mung. Ah, Massa, a damn deal.

Dieg. How! that I'm a stranger to?

Mung. No, Massa, you lick me every day with your rattan; I'm sure, Massa, that's mischief enough for poor Neger man.

Dieg. So, so.

Mung. La, Massa, how could you have a heart to lick poor Neger man, as you lick me last Thursday?

Dieg. If you have not a mind I should chastise you now, hold your tongue.

Mung. Yes, Massa, if you no lick me again.

Dieg. Listen to me, I say.

Mung. You know, Massa, me very good servant—

Dieg. Then you will go on?

Mung. And ought to be use kine—

Dieg. If you utter another syllable—

Mung. And I'm sure, Massa, you can't deny but I worky worky,—I dress a victuals, and run a errands, and wash a house, and make a beds, and scrub a shoes, and wait a table.

Dieg. Take that—[*Strikes him.*] Now will you listen to me?

Mung. La, Massa, if ever I saw—

Dieg. I am going abroad, and shall not return till to-morrow morning. During this night I charge you not to sleep a wink, but be watchful as a lynx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that if you hear the least noise you may alarm the family. Stay here, perverse animal, take care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and shall be out again in a moment.

[*Exit.*]

Mung. So I must be stay in a cold all night, and have no sleep, and get no tanks neither; then him call me tief, and rogue, and rascal, to tempt me.

Dear

A COMIC OPERA.

17

Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!
A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed:
Night and day 'tis de same,
My pain is dere game:
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where;
Above and below,
Sirrah come, Sirrah go;
Do so, and do so.
Oh! oh!

Me wish to de Lord me was dead. [Exit.

DON DIEGO returns with URSULA, who, after the Negro goes in, appears to bolt the Door on the Inside: Then Don Diego, unseen by them, puts on a large Padlock and goes off. After which, LEANDER enters disguised.

Leand. So,—my old Argus is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my design as I could wish. Now to attract my friend Mungo; if he is within hearing of my guitar, I am sure he will quickly make his appearance.

MUNGO appears at the Window.

Mung. Who goes dere?—Hip, hollo!
Leand. Heaven bless you, my worthy master, will your worship's honour have a little music this evening?

Mung. Stay you little—I come down.
[Comes down to the grate.]

Leand. I have got a bottle of delicious cordial here, given me by a charitable monk of a convent hard by, if your grace will please to taste it.

B 3

Mung.

Mung. Give me a sup tro a grate; come close man, don't be fear, old Massa gone out, as I say last night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come trike moofic, and give us song.

Leand. I'll give your worship a song I learn'd in Barbary, when I was a slave among the Moors.

Mung. Ay, do.

Leand. There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdalah Mahomet Sciah; now this wicked Turk had a fair Christian slave named Jezabel, who not consenting to his beastly desires, he draws out his sabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he says to her [*sings and plays.*] Now you shall hear the slave's answer [*sings and plays again.*]. Now you shall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair slave's head [*sings and plays again.*] Now you shall hear——

Mung. What signify me hear?—Me no understand.

Leand. Oh, you want something you understand? If your honour had said that——

URSULA appears at the Window above.

Urf. Mungo! Mungo!

Mung. Some one call dere——

Urf. Mungo, I say.

Mung. What devil you want?

Urf. What lewd noise is that?

Mung. Lewd you self, no lewd here; play away, never mind her.

Urf. I shall come down if you go on.

Mung. Ay, come along, more merrier; nothing here but poor man, he sing for bit of bread.

Urf. I'll have no poor man near our door: Hark'e-fellow, can you play the Forsaken Maid's Delight,

Delight, or Black Bess of Castile? Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me sing when I was young.

Mung. Gad, I'm sure, I hear your voice often enough now you old.

Urf. I could quaver like any black-bird.

Mung. Come throw a poor soul a penny, he play a tune for you.

Urf. How did you lose the use of your leg?

Leand. In the wars, my good dame: I was taken by a Barbary corsair, and carried into Sallee, where I lived eleven years and three quarters upon cold water and the roots of the earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: an infidel bought me for a slave: he gave me the strappado on my shoulders, and the bastinado on the soles of my feet: now this infidel Turk had fifty-three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

Urf. Then he was an unreasonable villain.

LEONORA appears at another Window.

Leon. Urfula!

Urf. Od's my life, what's here to do! Go back, go back, fine work we shall have indeed; good man, good bye.

Leon. I could not stay any longer by myself; pray let me take a little air at the grate.

Leand. Do, worthy madam, let the young gentlewoman stay, I'll play her a love-song for nothing.

Urf. No, no, none of your love-songs here; if you could play a faraband indeed, and there was room for one's motion——

Leand. I am but a poor man, but if your ladyship will let me in as far as the hall or the kitchen, you may all dance, and I shan't ask any thing.

Urf. Why, if it was not on my master's account, I should think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

Mung. Do, and let us dance.

Leand. Has Madam the keys then?

Urf. Yes, yes, I have the keys.

Leand. Have you the key of this padlock too, Madam? Here's a padlock upon the door, Heaven help us, large enough for a state-prison.

Urf. Eh,—how,—what, a padlock!

Mung. Here it is, I feel it; adod its a tumper.

Urf. He was afraid to trust me then.

Mung. And if de house was a fire, we none of us get out to save ourselves.

Leand. Well, Madam, not to disappoint you and the young lady, I know the back of your garden wall, and I'll undertake to get up at the outside of it, if you can let me down on the other.

Urf. Do you think you could with your lame leg?

Leand. O yes, Madam, I'm very sure.

Urf. Then, by my faith, you shall, for now I'm fet on't—A padlock! Mungo, come with me into the garden.

MUNGO and URSULA going off, LEANDER and LEONORA are left together. The first Part of the Quintetto is sung by them in Duet; then MUNGO and URSULA return one after another to the Stations they had quitted.

Leon. Pray let me go with you.

Leand. Stay, charming creature: why will you fly the youth that adores you?

Leon. Oh, Lord! I'm frighted out of my wits!

Leand. Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has so often met you at church? I am that pilgrim; one who would change shapes as often as Proteus, to be blest with a sight of you.

O thou whose charms enslave my heart!
In pity hear a youth complain:

Leon.

A COMIC OPERA. 21

- Leon.* I must not hear—dear youth depart—
I'm certain I have no desert
A gentleman like you to gain.
- Leand.* Then do I seek your love in vain?
- Leon.* It is another's right;
- Leand.* ————— And he,
Distracting thought! must happy be
While I am doom'd to pain.
- Urf.* Come round, young man, I've been to try.
- Mung.* And so have I.
- A. 2.* I'm sure the wall is not too high,
If you please,
You'll mount with ease.
- Leand.* Can you to aid my bliss deny?
Shall it be so?
If you say no,
I will not go,
- Leon.* I must consent, however loath;
But whenever we desire,
Make him promise to retire.
- Urf.* Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.
- Leand.* By your eyes of heavenly blue;
By your lips ambrosial dew;
Your cheeks, where rose and lilly blend;
Your voice, the music of the spheres——
- Mung.* Lord o'mercy how he swears!
He makes my hairs
All stand an end!
- Urf.* Come, that's enough, ascend, ascend.
- A. 4.* Let's be happy while we may:
Now the old one's far away,
Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play;
Harmless pleasure, why delay?
[Exeunt omnes.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *a Hall in DON DIEGO's House, with Folding-doors which open in the Back Scene. On one Side a Stair-case, leading to an Apartment, by which the Characters pass up and down; on the other, a Door leading to a Cellar, which is so contrived, that a Bottle and Glass, two Candles, a Guitar, and LEANDER's Disguise, may be placed upon it. LEANDER enters in a rich Habit following* URSULA.

Urf. **O**H! shame; out upon't, Sir, talk to me no more; I that have been famed throughout all Spain, as I may say, for virtue and discretion; the very flower and quintessence of duennas; you have cast a blot upon me; a blot upon my reputation, that was as fair as a piece of white paper; and now I shall be reviled, pointed at; nay, men will call me filthy names upon your account.

Leand. What filthy names will they call you?

Urf. They'll say I'm an old procuress.

Leand. Fie, fie, men know better things—— besides, tho' I have got admittance into your house, be assured I shall commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiscretion, let love be my excuse.

Urf. Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

Leand. You, my sweet Urfula, have known what it is to be in love; and, I warrant, have had admirers often at your feet; your eyes still retain fire enough to tell me that.

Urf. They tell you no lie; for, to be sure, when I was a young woman, I was greatly fought after; nay, it was reported that a youth died for love of me; one Joseph Perez, a taylor by trade, of the
grey-

greyhound make, lank; and if my memory fail me not, his right shoulder about the breadth of my hand higher than his left; but he was upright as an arrow; "and, by all accounts, one of the "finest workmen at a button-hole."

Leand. But where is Leonora?

Urf. Where is she! by my troth, I have shut her up in her chamber, under three bolts and a double lock.

Leand. And will you not bring us together?

Urf. Who I?—How can you ask me such a question? Really, Sir, I take it extremely unkind.

Leand. Well, but you misapprehend—

Urf. I told you just now, that if you mentioned that to me again, it would make me sick; and so it has, turn'd me upside down as it were.

Leand. Indeed, my best friend—

Urf. Oh, oh, hold me, or I shall fall.

Leand. I will hold you,

Urf. And do you feel any compassion for me?

Leand. I do.

Urf. Why, truly, you have a great deal to answer for, to bring tears into my eyes at this time o'day, I'm sure they are the first I have shed since my poor, dear husband's death.

Leand. Nay, don't think of that now.

Urf. For you must understand, Sir, to play a trick upon a grave, discreet matron—And yet, after all, by my faith, I don't wonder you should love the young thing under my care; for it is one of the sweetest conditioned souls that ever I was acquainted with; and, between ourselves, our Donnee is too old for such a babe.

Leand. Urfula, take this gold.

Urf. For what, Sir?

Leand. Only for the love of me.

Urf. Nay, if that be all, I won't refuse it, for I love you I assure you; you put me so much in mind of my dear husband; he was a handsome man;

24 THE PADLOCK:

man; I remember he had a mole between his eyebrows, about the bigness of a hazel-nut; but, I must say, you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance.

Leand. The old bedlam grows amorous——

Urf. Lord love you, you're a well-looking young man.

Leand. But Leonora——

Urf. Ha! ha! ha! but to pretend you were lame.—I never saw a finer leg in my life.

Leand. Leonora!

Urf. Well, Sir, I'm going.

Leand. I shall never get rid of her.

Urf. Sir——

Leand. How now?

Urf. Would you be so kind, Sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a salute?

Leand. Ugh!

[*Salutes her.*]

Urf. Gad-a-mercy, your cheek—Well, well, I have seen the day; but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now; however, Sir, you might have had the politeness when a gentlewoman made the offer—But Heaven blefs you.

“ When a woman's front is wrinkled,

“ And her hairs are sprinkled

“ With grey,

“ Lackaday!

“ How her lovers fall away!

“ Like fashions past

“ Aside she's cast,

“ No one respect will pay:

“ Remember,

“ Lasses, remember,

“ And while the sun shines make hay,

“ You must not expect in December,

“ The flowers you gather'd in May.” [*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter MUNGO.

Mung. Ah! Massa—You brave Massa, now, what you do here wid de old woman?

Leand. Where is your young mistress, Mungo?

Mung. By Gog she lock her up. But why you no tell me before time, you a gentleman?

Leand. Sure I have not given the purse for nothing.

Mung. Purse! what, you giving her money den?—curse her impurance, why you no give it me?—you give me something as well as she. You know, Massa, you see me first.

Leand. There, there, are you content?

Mung. Me get supper ready, and now me go to de cellar—But I say, Massa, ax de old man now, what good him watching do, him bolts, and him bars, him walls, and him padlock?

Leand. Hift! Leonora comes.

Mung. But, Massa, you say you teach me play.

Let me, when my heart a sinking,
Hear de sweet guitar a clinking;
When a string speak,
Such moosic he make,
Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,
Of a merry flute,
And cymbalo,
And tymbalo,
To boot,
We dance and we sing,
Till we make a house ring,
And, tied in his garters, old Massa may swing.
[Exit.

C

Enter

Enter LEONORA and URSULA.

Leand. Oh, charming Leonora, how shall I express the rapture of my heart upon this occasion? I almost doubt the kindness of that chance which has brought me thus happily to see, to speak to you, without restraint.

Urf. Well, but it must not be without restraint; it can't be without restraint; it can't, by my faith;—now you are going to make me sick again.

Leon. La, Ursula, I durst to say the gentleman doesn't want to do me any harm—do you, Sir? I'm sure I would not hurt a hair of his head, nor nobody's else, for the lucre of the whole world.

Urf. Come, Sir, where is your lute? You shall see me dance a faraband; or if you'd rather have a song—or the child and I will move a minuet, if you chuse grace before agility.

Leand. This fulsome harridan——

Leon. I don't know what's come over her, Sir! I never saw the like of her since I was born.

Leand. I wish she was at the devil.

Leon. Ursula, what's the matter with you?

Urf. What's the matter with me! Marry, come up, what's the matter with you? Signor Diego can't shew such a shape as that; well, there is nothing I like better than to see a young fellow with a well-made leg.

Leand. Pr'ythee let us go away from her.

Leon. I don't know how to do it, Sir.

Leand. Nothing more easy; I will go with my guitar into the garden; 'tis moon-light; take an opportunity to follow me there: I swear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

Leon. No, Sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman such as you are; and that have taken so much pains to come after me; and I should hold myself

myself very ungrateful, if I did not do any thing to oblige you, in a civil way.

Leand. Then you'll come?

Leon. I'll do my best endeavours, Sir.

Leand. And may I hope that you love me?

Leon. I don't know; as to that I can't say.

Urf. Come, come, what colloquing's here; I must see how things are going forward; besides, Sir, you ought to know that it is not manners to be getting into corners, and whispering before company.

Leand. Psha!

Urf. Ay, you may say your pleasure, Sir, but I'm sure what I say is the right thing; I should hardly chuse to venture in a corner with you myself; nay, I would not do it, I protest and vow.

Leand. Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depends upon the blessing of your good opinion; do you desire to put an end to my days?

Leon. No, indeed; indeed I don't.

Leand. But then——

In vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny;
Give me your smiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enlivening beam,
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;
Its source dried up, bid flow the stream,
And me exist, deprived of you. [*Exit.*]

Urf. Let me sit down a little: come hither, child, I am going to give you good advice, therefore listen to me, for I have more years over my head than you.

Leon. Well, and what then?

C 2 .

Urf.

Urf. What then?—Marry, then you must mind what I say to you—as I said before—but I say—what was I saying?

Leon. I'm sure I don't know.

Urf. You see the young man that is gone out there; he has been telling me, that he's dying for love of you; can you find in your heart to let him expire?

Leon. I'm sure I won't do any thing bad.

Urf. Why that's right; you learned that from me; have I not said to you a thousand times, never do any thing bad? have I not said it? answer me that.

Leon. Well, and what then?

Urf. Very well, listen to me; your guardian is old, and ugly, and jealous, and yet he may live longer than a better man.

Leon. He has been very kind to me, for all that, Ursula, and I ought to strive to please him.

Urf. There again; have I not said to you a thousand times, that he was very kind to you, and you ought to strive to please him? It would be a hard thing to be preaching from morning till night without any profit.

Leon. Well, Ursula, after all, I wish this gentleman had never got into the house; Heaven send no ill comes of it.

Urf. Ay, I say so too; Heaven send it; but I'm cruelly afraid; for how shall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inside of the wall, whatever he did the out.

Leon. O Lord! won't he?

Urf. No, by my conscience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a-piece, he'd twist them every one, if he finds him here; for my part, the best I expect is, to end my old days in a prison.

Leon. You don't say so?

Urf.

Urf. I do indeed ; and it kills me to think of it ; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

Leon. I have promised to go to him into the garden.

Urf. Nay, you may do any thing now, for we are undone ; though I think, if you could persuade him to get up the chimney, and stay on the roof of the house until to-morrow night, we might then steal the keys from your guardian ; but I'm afraid you won't be able to persuade him.

Leon. I'll go down upon my knees.

Urf. Find him out, while I step up stairs.

Leon. Pray for us, dear Urfula.

Urf. I will, if I possibly can.

Leon. Oh me, oh me, what shall we do ?
The fault is all along of you :
You brought him in, why did you so ?
'Twas not by my desire you know.

We have but too much cause to fear
My guardian, when he comes to hear
We've had a man with us, will kill
Me, you, and all ; indeed he will.
No penitence will pardon procure,
He'll kill us every soul, I'm sure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DON DIEGO, groping his Way, with the Padlock in his Hand.

Dieg. All dark, all quiet ; gone to bed and fast asleep I warrant them ; however, I am not sorry that I altered my first intention of staying out the whole night ; and meeting Leonora's father on the road was at any rate a lucky incident. I will not disturb them ; but, since I have let myself in with

my master-key, go softly to bed; I shall be able to strike a light; and then I think I may say my cares are over.

Good heavens! what a wonderful deal of uneasiness may mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are some men who would have gone out in my situation, and, trusting to the goodness of Fortune, left their house and their honour in the care of an unexperienced girl, or the discretion of a mercenary servant. While he is abroad he is tormented with fears and jealousies; and when he returns home, he probably finds disorder; and, perhaps, shame. But what do I do?—I put a padlock on my door, then all is safe.

Enter MUNGO from the Cellar, with a Flask in one Hand, and a Candle in the other.

Mung. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Dieg. Hold, didn't I hear a noise?

Mung. Hola.

Dieg. Heaven and earth! what do I see!

Mung. Where are you young Massa, and Missy? Here wine for supper.

Dieg. I'm thunder-struck!

Mung. My old Massa little tink we be so merry—hic—hic—What's the matter with me? the room turn round.

Dieg. Wretch, do you know me?

Mung. Know you?—damn you.

Dieg. Horrid creature! what makes you here at this time of night? Is it with a design to surprize the innocents in their beds, and murder them sleeping?

Mung. Hush, hush—make no noise—hic—hic.

Dieg. The slave is intoxicated.

Mung.

Mung. Make no noise, I say ; dere's young gentleman wid young lady ; he play on guitar, and the like him better dan she like you. Fal, lal, lal.

Dieg. Monster, I'll make an example of you.

Mung. What you call me names for, you old dog ?

Dieg. Does the villain dare to lift his hand against me ?

Mung. Will you fight ?

Dieg. He's mad.

Mung. Dere's one in de house you little tink. Gad he do you business.

Dieg. Go, lye down in your stye, and sleep.

Mung. Sleep ! sleep you self ; you drunk——
ha ! ha ! ha ! Look, a padlock : you put a padlock on a dore again, will you ?——Ha ! ha ! ha !

Dieg. Didn't I hear music ?

Mung. Hic——hic——

Dieg. Was it not the sound of a guitar ?

Mung. Yes, he play on de guitar rarely——Give me hand ; you're old rascal——an't you ?

Dieg. What dreadful shock affects me ! I'm in a cold sweat ; a mist comes over my eyes ; and my knees knock together as if I had got a fit of the shaking palsy.

Mung. I tell you a word in your ear.

Dieg. Has any stranger broke into my house ?

Mung. Yes, by——hic——a fine young gentleman, he now in a next room with Missy.

Dieg. Holy St. Francis ! is it possible ?

Mung. Go you round softly—you catch them together.

Dieg. Confusion ! Distraction ! I shall run mad.

“ Oh wherefore this terrible flurry ?

“ My spirits are all in a hurry !

“ And above and below,

“ From my top to my toe,

“ Are running about hurry scurry.

THE PADLOCK:

" My heart in my bosom a bumping,
 " Goes thumping,
 " And jumping,
 " And thumping;
 " Is't a spectre I see!
 " Hence vanish.—Ah me!
 " My senses deceive me;
 " Soon reason will leave me;
 " What a wretch am I destin'd to be!"

[Exit.

Enter URSULA.

Urf. O shame, monstrous; you drunken swab, you have been in the cellar, with a plague to you.

Mung. Let me put my hands about your neck—

Urf. Oh, I shall be ruin'd! Help, help, ruin, ruin!

Enter LEANDER and LEONORA.

Leon. Goodness me, what's the matter?

Urf. Oh dear child, this black villain has frightn'd me out of my wits; he has wanted—

Mung. Me, curse a heart, I want nothing wid her—what she say I want for—

Leon. Ursula, the gentleman says he has some friends waiting for him at the other side of the garden wall, that will throw him over a ladder made of ropes, which he got up by.

Leand. Then must I go?

Leon. Yes, good Sir, yes.

Leand. A parting kifs?

Leon. No, good Sir, no.

Leand. It must be so.

By this, and this,
 Here I could for ever grow.
 'Tis more than mortal bliss.

Leon.

Leon. Well, now good-night ;
 Pray ease our fright,
 You're very bold, Sir ;
 Let loose your hold, Sir :
 I think you want to scare me quite.

Leand. Oh fortune's spight !

Leon. Good night, good night.
 Hark ! the neighb'ring convent's bell,
 Tolls the vesper hour to tell ;
 The clock now chimes ;
 A thousand times,
 A thousand times, farewell.

Enter DON DIEGO.

Dieg. Stay, Sir, let nobody go out of the room.

Urf. [*falling down.*] Ah ! ah ! a ghost ! a ghost !

Dieg. Woman, stand up.

Urf. I won't, I won't : murder : don't touch me.

Dieg. Leonora, what am I to think of this ?

Leon. Oh, dear Sir, don't kill me.

Dieg. Young man, who are you, who have thus clandestinely, at an unseasonable hour, broke into my house ? Am I to consider you as a robber, or how ?

Leand. As one whom love has made indiscreet ; of one whom love taught industry and art to compass his designs. I love the beautiful Leonora, and she me ; but, farther than what you hear and see, neither one nor the other have been culpable.

Mung. Hear him, hear him.

Leand. Don Diego, you know my father well, Don Alphonso de Luna ; I am a scholar of this university, and am willing to submit to whatever punishment he, through your means, shall inflict ; but wreak not your vengeance here.

Dieg. Thus then my hopes and cares are at once frustrated ; possessed of what I thought a jewel, I
 was

was desirous to keep it for myself; I raised up the walls of this house to a great height; I barr'd up my windows towards the street; I put double bolts on my doors; I banish'd all that had the shadow of man or male kind; and I stood continually centinel over it myself, to guard my suspicion from surprize: thus secured, I left my watch for one little moment, and in that moment——

Leon. Pray, pray, guardian, let me tell you the story, and you'll find I am not to blame.

Dieg. No, child, I only am to blame, who should have considered that sixteen and sixty agree ill together. But, tho' I was too old to be wise, I am not too old to learn; and so, I say, send for a smith directly, beat all the grates from my windows, take the locks from my doors, and let egress and regress be given freely.

Leon. And will you be my husband, Sir?

Dieg. No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better husband: here, young man, take her: if your parents consent, to-morrow shall see you join'd in the face of the church; and the dowry which I promised her, in case of failure on my side of the contract, shall now go with her as a marriage portion.

Leand. Signior, this is so generous——

Dieg. No thanks; perhaps I owe acknowledgments to you; but you, Ursula, have no excuse, no passion to plead, and your age should have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns, but never let me see you more.

Mung. And what you give me, Massa?

Dieg. Bastinadoes for your drunkenness and infidelity. Call in my neighbours and friends. Oh, man! man! how short is your foresight; how ineffectual your prudence; while the very means you use are destructive of your ends!

Go

Go forge me fetters that shall bind
The rage of the tempestuous wind ;
Sound with a needle full of thread
The depth of Ocean's steepy bed ;
Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree ;
Quench Etna with a cup of tea ;
In these manœuvres shew your skill,
Then hold a woman if you will.

Urf. Permit me to put in a word :
My master here is quite absurd :
That men should rule our sex is meet,
But art, not force, must do the feat ;
Remember what the fable says,
Where the sun's warm and melting rays,
Soon bring about what wind and rain,
With all their fufs, attempt in vain.

Mung. And Massa, be not angry pray,
If Neger man a word should say ;
Me have a fable pat as she,
Which wid dis matter will agree :
An owl once took it in his head,
Wid some young pretty bird to wed ;
But when his worship came to woo,
He could get none but de cuckoo.

Leon. Ye youth select, who wish to taste,
The joys of Wedlock pure and chaste,
Ne'er let the mistress and the friend
In abject slave, and tyrant, end.
While each with tender passion burns,
Ascend the throne of rule by turns ;
And place (to love, to virtue just)
Security in mutual trust.

Leand.

Leand. To sum up all, you now have heard,
Young men and old peruse the *lyric*;
A female trusted to your care,
His rule is pithy, short, and clear,
Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock on her mind.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

END OF THE OPERA.

4 AP 54

